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Chapter 5 - Section 1

The old log house on the farm of Mr. A. J. Workman had floors made of inch boards. A man named William Miller had hewed the boards by hand out of poplar. To clean these floors, they would put sand on them about an inch thick. This would be left on four or five days and when the floors were scrubbed, they would be white and clean. The pioneer homes were kept scrupulously clean.

There were no regular hours for work. Both the men and the women worked from daylight to dark. The food was coarse but they had plenty of it. Such a thing as a balanced meal had never been heard of. They had plenty of all kinds of wild meat and fish. Corn meal was used mostly for bread, but once in a great while they would have wheat bread. This was quite a treat.

The laundry was done at the creek when it was not too cold. They used big kettles for heating the water. Iron cooking utensils were used almost altogether because the food was cooked over a fireplace or in the coals.

In those days there was not so much stress laid on bathing but every boy could swim and from early spring until late fall, they went to the creek to swim and incidentally bathe.

June 3, 1940

Nelle V. McLaughlin
Marlinton, W. Va.

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This is the story of "Lame Paw" the Outlaw, as told by Mr. Andrew Price in the 1926 Blue Book. Five years ago "Lame Paw" stepped into a steel trap and left a toe to show who had been there and the toe was hung up and after that the big track registered the identity of the animal. He had been making his home on Gibson's Knob. This is not the highest peak in these mountains but it is well up in the forty odd hundred feet and in a way it is one of the most spectacular features of the landscape. It has been cleared on the top and forms a long mound covered with blue grass. The mountain is encircled on every side by fine blue grass farms and it is the center of one of the finest grazing countries in West Virginia. C

County roads enclose it. Starting at Edray and following the pike to Linwood, and turning there and traversing the road to Clover Creek and thence to Poage's Lane and Warwick and back to Edray you travel a circle of thirty-three miles.

I have tried to get a list of the men who made up the hunt that day after Lame Paw, and I talked to some who were in it, and was told of twelve men and twelve hounds that made up the hunt. In addition to that every man on every side of Gibson's Knob had a bear load in his gun and was ready to fire.

The twelve I listed were: Charles Sheets, James Gibson, Robert Gibson, Willie Gibson, Dallas Tacy, Another Tacy, Doc

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Gibson, W. E. Poage, Ross Hamrick, Carl Gibson, French Hoover.
Added later: Henry Simmons, Amos Wooddell, Elmer Hannah and
Roscoe Bennett, sixteen in all.

Of the twelve hounds, two were heroes, "Roamy", belonging to James Gibson, and "Liner", belonging to Dallas Tacy.

The standers were placed and the hounds taken to the top of Gibson's Knob, and there in the bear wallow was fresh sign of the bear. The hounds were loosed and within a hundred and fifty yards they jumped the big bear and another from their beds in a Wind Shake Fall, near a laurel patch. Lame Paw's companion in crime lit out from there as fast as he could lay foot to the ground and took with him ten hounds and so far as is known is going yet. It was a part of the cunning of the ancient bear, no doubt, to have a young racing bear handy to draw off such dangers as this.

But Roamy and Liner had been conferring over the matter and they knew very well the small bear was not the object of the hunt. If it had not been for these wise dogs, the whole pack would have been drawn away after the subservient bear that Lame Paw kept for the purpose and Lame Paw would have been left with his head on his paws brooding over the endless expanse that surrounded his high lookout.

But Roamy and Liner prodded him out. Lame Paw was too old and fat to enjoy running but he decided that he would have to waddle his finest if he got to Gauley Mountain and away from the dogs, men and guns.

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He could not do anything with the hounds. One good swipe of his paw would crush a hound, but the hounds side-stepped and kept out of the way. They also kept him from fleeing rapidly. One hung on one flank of the big bear and one on the other. Each dog picked the hind leg that he was to chew and paid attention to it. When Roamy bit the leg assigned to him, the bear would stop and cuff him off, and Liner would then fasten on the leg left exposed and the big brute was much harried and distressed.

The hounds in the meantime were giving tongue and letting the hunters know the way the game was taking. The bear circled and ran about two miles until he made his last stand in the rough ground on the south side of Russell Hannah's farm, near the passway towards Slaty Fork.

The chase came near the place where James Gibson and Charles were standing, and the hunters, who were close together, both started to run to the hounds, for they could tell that the hunt had passed them and that the bear was at bay fighting the hounds. The two hunters ran in company a mile or more but there was this difference: James Gibson was sixty-eight years old, and after the first mile found that his age somewhat affected him though still sound in wind and limb. Charles Sheets was in his twenties and did not mind how far he had to run. Seeing Mr. Gibson slow up in the foot race, Mr. Sheets slowed up also and said that he would wait and go on with Mr. Gibson at a slower pace. Mr.